

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 442.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1840.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

THE RAILWAYS.

WHEN a person, in travelling southwards, reaches the neighbourhood of Newcastle, he finds himself suddenly transported into the region of railways, in which not only a new kind of locomotion, but a new order of things generally, may be said to prevail. A railway region is a very different thing from a district of country still lying in its primitive simplicity of common roads and common means of transport. The change from the one condition of things to the other is very striking, and is attended with both ludicrous and melancholy effects. As I performed a journey of several hundred miles by railways in different directions, I beg to offer a few words on this rather interesting matter.

At present, England is in the course of being cut, bored, bridged, and banked, in nearly all directions by prospective railways, so that in a few years we shall be able to make excursions to the most remote quarters of the country with the greatest ease and expedition. Already I have spoken of the railway across the island from Carlisle, and this is the first which we stumble upon in going south. Adjacent to Newcastle there are several lines in operation, among which are one to Tynemouth, one to Sunderland, and a third which connects the Sunderland line with Durham. All these are, comparatively speaking, short railways. A line of grander character, called the North of England, is at present constructing from York northwards, and is designed to reach Newcastle; in a short time it will be opened as far as Darlington or Durham, and then, by means of the above-mentioned short railways, there will be an unbroken line of rails betwixt York and the Tyne. In travelling by coach southwards, we at different places see the line in active progress. Reaching York, a new railway awaits us, called the North Midland, which extends from that city to Derby, and is already opened at both ends, leaving about twenty miles in the centre in a state of forwardness. Proceeding by this line, and having arrived at Derby, we are next carried forward by the Birmingham and Derby Junction to a point on the London and Birmingham line, at a place called Hampton, and are thence sent directly onwards to London. We have, therefore, already, by these different lines, which, as may be supposed, are the property of different companies, an almost complete railroad from York to London, and soon another hundred miles will be added as far north as Newcastle, which, from certain ill-judged contentions of competing companies, must remain the limit in this direction for a number of years. Little doubt can be entertained that ultimately there will be a line from Newcastle to Edinburgh, either by the coast or through the interior; but before this, a railway from England will most likely have reached the west of Scotland.

In this rapid view of matters in the eastern and middle part of the country, I have only mentioned the great line, or, as it may be styled, one of the main arteries of the railway system; it remains to be told that the principal thoroughfare receives branches, or pushes forth extensions, at different places in its course, not the least important being a cross branch from Manchester to Sheffield, not yet finished; a short branch in extension of this from Sheffield, now in operation, and bringing hundreds of passengers to the Derby Junction daily, the point of influx being at Rotherham; and a branch from Nottingham, which strikes the line at Derby. The North Midland, likewise, is extended to Leeds; and when this portion is opened, as well as the above side branches, a pro-

digious increase will take place in the traffic by this great line of route.* The towns either actually upon the line or within a very short distance from it, are Leeds, Wakefield, Barnsley, Rotherham, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Belper, and Derby; and at the distance of a few miles are also the towns of Pontefract, Doncaster, Bawtry, Worksop, Mansfield, Bakewell, Matlock, Wirksworth, and Ashbourne. The North Midland Railway performs the important office of connecting the populous and wealthy districts employed in the woollen, the linen, and the cutlery manufactures of Yorkshire, and the hosiery, lace, and porcelain manufactures of Derby; and also, by means of the other railways joining it, will connect with the hardware manufactures of Birmingham, the hosiery and lace manufactures of Nottingham and Leicester, and the wool-growing districts of Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire—all which places will have the most rapid and easy communication with London and the south and west of England. The entire length of the North Midland Railway from Leeds to Derby is seventy-two and a half miles.

So much for the eastern and midland division of the north of England. As is well known, the line from London to Birmingham, and the Grand Junction extended from it to Manchester, have been some time in effective operation, and these, with the railway from Manchester to Liverpool, may be called old-established concerns. Latterly, the Grand Junction, which strikes the Manchester and Liverpool at Warrington, has been extended by the addition of the North Union to Preston, passing Wigan in its course; and in a few months a new line will in addition be opened as far as Lancaster. Till the present time, the chief communication from the north with London takes place through this commodious channel. Reaching Preston by coach, the traveller is fairly embarked on the railway trains, and in ten hours reaches the metropolis, whence he may be transferred by other railways to different parts of the country.

It has been projected to carry a line of railroad from London to Cambridge, and so on in a straight course by Lincoln to York, where it will join the North of England, and thus form a distinct and great artery of communication northwards. But there is little chance of this being speedily performed, and, for a number of years to come, the entire transit from the metropolis in a northerly direction will be first by the London and Birmingham, and then by its two great tributaries—one from Derby, York, and Newcastle, and the other from Manchester, Preston, and Lancaster. This last mentioned will finally bring up the great bulk of the Scotch traffic from Dumfries, Paisley, Glasgow, and other western parts of the kingdom; and when this consummation is effected, the transit along the London and Birmingham, terminating at Euston Square on the northern side of the metropolis, will probably be augmented fourfold.

To give an idea of the effect of these inpourings of tributary branches, I may state what came under my observation in travelling southwards. The train with which I started from Sheffield, at about nine in the morning, consisted of six carriages, a number which was increased to eight at Rotherham, where the union with the Derby Junction takes place; at the town of Derby, the large station enclosure yielded a contribution of other five carriages, making up the number to thirteen. These were now rapidly whirled along through a fine piece of country, receiving an accession of passengers at every stopping place, till we

reached Hampton on the London line. Here the train paused for about twenty minutes, till the train from Birmingham arrived, consisting of seventeen vehicles, exclusive of several trucks, bearing gentlemen's carriages and horses. A union of trains now took place, and produced a row of thirty carriages with trucks, resembling the side of a street in motion, and carrying along, as I calculated, from six to seven hundred passengers. This enormous mass, which was dragged along at the rate of at least twenty-three miles an hour by two locomotives, received accessions at some other stations on its way, and, finally, on reaching London, the debouche of passengers on the quay of the railway resembled the emptying of a crowded church. Nine trains go down, and nine up daily; and though seldom so large as this, the number of carriages being usually ten or twelve, yet the quantity of traffic, and interchange of passengers, between different parts of the country along the great line and its tributaries, are immense, and can be but faintly understood by those at a distance from the scene of action. The money drawn for passengers by the large train in which I reached London, could not be less than six hundred pounds. The weekly revenue of the London and Birmingham, alone, is upwards of £16,000, and of the Grand Junction, £9000. Five-and-twenty thousand pounds, weekly, on one extended thoroughfare! The fact is startling.

South and west from London various railways have been projected, and some are opened for short distances in their proposed course. Only one important line has been opened throughout its entire length, being that which extends from the vicinity of Vauxhall, near London, to Southampton, a distance of seventy-seven miles. This is a well-designed and well-constructed railway. It pursues a curved line over the flat downs and moors of Surrey, and by several deep cuttings in the chalky eminences, reaches the rich agricultural plains of Hampshire, and finally terminates in the beautiful vale of the Itchen, close by Southampton and its navigable waters. As an independent line, with no towns of any consequence in its course, Winchester alone excepted, and depending only on its own traffic, it may be pronounced the boldest undertaking of the kind which has yet been completed. I am glad to learn that there is every prospect of the success of this line of railroad. I travelled several short stages upon it at different times, and made one entire journey to and from its southern extremity. There is an arrangement upon it worthy of imitation. Instead of only two kinds of trains, there are three, which differ considerably in character. One is called the Fast Train, which stops at but a few places, and consists only of first-class carriages, with a carriage for servants; it performs the journey in three hours—fare 20s. The next kind are Stopping Trains, which take up and let down passengers at twelve stations on the route, and consist of both first and second class carriages—fares 18s. and 12s. And the third kind is a train for goods, with uncovered carriages, the fare with which is only 7s.; the accommodation being nevertheless equal in all respects to that of the outside of a stage-coach. Both in my down and up journey by the first-mentioned of these trains, there was a string of ten or twelve carriages, each holding eighteen persons; and at some of the stations, such was the press of passengers, that several were in each case left behind for lack of accommodation—a circumstance, by the way, which I never saw occur on any other railway, there being apparently, in all cases, an abundance of carriages at command. Fully as much revenue is, I believe, expected to be ultimately realised by the transit of goods as passengers by this line of convey-

* We write this, June 20, and observe by a newspaper announcement that the North Midland is to be opened throughout from Leeds to Derby on the 1st of July.

ance. At Southampton, docks, and other accommodations for shipping, are in a state of active progress, and it is anticipated, that not only much of the trade of Portsmouth will centre here, but that many vessels from the Atlantic will prefer discharging at Southampton in preference to sailing up the Channel to the Thames, and that their cargoes will be sent overland by railway to London. I am not able to offer any definite opinion on this comprehensive scheme of operations, but it appears very evident, that unless Portsmouth protect itself by establishing an independent line of railroad to the metropolis, its aspiring neighbour, Southampton, will at no distant day sweep up a large share of its inland and external traffic. Already, as may be seen from public announcements, Southampton has become the chief centering point for intercourse with the Channel islands and with Havre, and when a railway from the last-mentioned place to Paris is completed, this must become a preferable route to France and the countries on the Mediterranean.

Of the short lines of railway connected with London, the principal is one of from four to five miles in length to Greenwich, and which appears about as visionary a speculation as can well be conceived, when put in competition with steam-boats, omnibuses, and other means of locomotion. It is laid entirely on brick arches, on a level with the tops of the adjacent houses, and must have cost much more money than sound prudence would have warranted. Yet this railway, after all, has its conveniences. The public have no reason to complain of it. From a motive of curiosity, I made a trip upon it last Whitmonday, which is a holiday of the working classes in London, and the occasion of a fair, or rather idle assemblage of people, in the town and park of Greenwich. It was computed that on this holiday occasion fifty thousand persons were carried by the different steam-boats to Greenwich from London; but this did not apparently diminish the vast crowds which pressed to the place of festivity by the railway. As a spectacle of a novel nature in connexion with the most wonderful improvement in the arts which has distinguished the present age, the scene of transit was of exceeding interest. For twelve or fourteen hours, a train was dispatched every fifteen minutes, returning as frequently; but for an hour or two at the period of greatest bustle, the dispatch was every five minutes. I happened to go in one of the five-minute trains. It consisted of fourteen carriages, each holding from thirty to forty persons, and was shot along its course, including a stoppage at the middle, in a quarter of an hour. The number of passengers by each train, of which this was a specimen, might be estimated at six hundred, yielding an aggregate fare of about five-and-twenty pounds. From morning to night, the entire number carried along and brought back could scarcely be fewer than fifty thousand, or equal to that carried by the boats. During the same day, there was a procession in carriages through the principal streets of London, of a much more agreeable kind—that of the members of the various temperance associations throughout the metropolis and its suburbs—and though this extended to several miles in length, and was composed of a vast multitude of well-dressed men and women, it did not seem to lessen the efflux towards the festivities at Greenwich.

The Greenwich railway affords a share of its terminus at London Bridge to a railroad which is designed to be carried to Brighton, but which in the mean time is opened only as far as Croydon. On the opposite or Middlesex side of the Thames, a short railway has been constructed between Blackwall and the city at a prodigious expense, through much valuable property. Another line, called the Eastern Counties, intended to proceed to Yarmouth, has been opened as far as Romford, where it is likely to stop for some time.

None of these lines of railroad is of such prospective importance as that which leaves the outskirts of the metropolis at Paddington, and is designed to reach across the country to Bristol; at present it is opened for only about thirty miles. The Great Western, as this line is termed, is one of the greatest and most expensive undertakings as yet set on foot. It pursues a course by Reading and Windsor to Bath, and so on to Bristol, forming a line of 117½ miles in length, and, with one or two tributaries, opening up the whole west of England from Gloucester southwards to Exeter. I have heard it mentioned that the Great Western line alone will cost five millions of pounds; and on seeing the works, and learning the history of the concern, this sum appears by no means unreasonable. Whether from a crotchety, or the sound judgment of the engineer, the width between the rails has been made seven feet, while on all other railways in this country the width is between four and five feet; the carriages, therefore, which run upon the Great Western must be necessarily confined to itself. The main object contemplated in this extreme width was the laying on of a more powerful class of locomotives, and this has been so far accomplished; but it is extremely doubtful if the unwieldy size of the vehicles and other circumstances, do not form a drawback which will more than compensate the anticipated advantages. The rails by this line are not laid, as is usually the case, on transverse blocks of wood or masses of stone, but, like those of the Newcastle and Shields line, are placed on squared longitudinal beams of timber, secured at intervals by cross rivets of the same material. The motion is, nevertheless, from what cause I know not, only a

little more rapid though not more easy than on the ordinary lines. The only difference in the carriages is, that four instead of three passengers sit in the breadth.

The speed at which the quickest-going trains on the various railways usually proceed, varies from twenty to thirty miles, but is sometimes as much as forty miles, per hour. Even in the most favourable instance, the rate of locomotion is greatly below what is possible. It is generally understood, that unless for stoppages, which cause a great slackening of speed, both in approaching and leaving stations, the rate of motion could be very easily sustained at fifty miles per hour. I have no doubt whatever that fast trains, which do not profess to stop on their journey excepting once in every thirty or forty miles for water, will ultimately, and if the public require it, proceed at a rate of sixty miles per hour. When this is accomplished, trains will regularly perform the journey from London to Edinburgh, all necessary stoppages included, in probably eight hours. According to the present comparatively slow rate of progression, the distance from London to Birmingham, which a year or two ago required twelve or fourteen hours by coach, is now performed in four hours and a half, and with perfect ease to the passengers.

The London and Birmingham line, which was the first completed after that of Manchester and Liverpool, has always appeared to me to be among the best managed of the various railways, as well as the most complete in all its arrangements. There are accommodations on this line which I have seen on no other. On all the lines there are waiting-rooms both for ladies and gentlemen at the different stations; but exclusively of these on this line, there is a large and commodious house of entertainment at the Birmingham terminus, where meals stand ready prepared for the passengers. At a place half way from the metropolis, and where the train stops ten minutes, there is likewise a large establishment in the form of an open booth or shop, where tea, coffee, or viands of a more substantial kind, with different liquors, are sold on the instant to those who require refreshment. It would be well if every long railway in the country had similar establishments at convenient distances.

Passengers who make the journey for the first time by the mail train, will be amused by observing a travelling post-office in the string of carriages. This "Grand Northern Railway Post-Office," as the inscription on its side denotes, is a carriage consisting of two small apartments, one of which is appropriated to the guard whose duty is to exchange the bags, and the other is fitted up with a table for sorting letters, and holes round the walls for their reception. The manner in which the duties of the clerk and guard are performed in this flying post-office, is strikingly significant of the new order of things introduced by the railway system. Outside the vehicle a species of net is extended by a hoop, and into this the letter-bags are dropped as the train sweeps onward in its course, the bags which are to be left being at the same time tossed from the window by the guard. The fresh bag of letters being received, it is speedily opened, its contents re-arranged, and a new bag for next town being made up, it is projected as before at the place of its destination. By this means a letter may be written, sent through the post-office, and delivered at the distance of twenty miles in the space of a single hour.

There are certain excellencies in the arrangements of all the railways which deserve to be mentioned. Each line, being the property of a private association, is secluded from one end to the other from the intrusion of the public, and therefore no jostling or confusion takes place either upon entering or leaving the carriages. The rails of one line, likewise, join those of another, by which means carriages generally proceed onwards without changing passengers or luggage. A carriage in which we took our seats at London carried us straight on to Preston—that is, along the lines of three companies. The extraordinary magnitude of the railway undertakings has enabled the directors to organise rules which could never be enforced in the irregular scramble of stage-coaching. It is customary to dress the subordinate functionaries on all the lines in a uniform resembling that of the London police—each man having his number inscribed in figures on some part of his dress; so that, if any one be guilty of incivility or inattention, he can be easily reported to his superiors. There is one delightful peculiarity in the arrangements, which is entitled to the highest commendation: it is the rule that no officer shall on any account take a fee from passengers, on pain of instant dismissal. Those who imagine that fees to guards, coachmen, or waiters, are requisite to ensure civility, will be surprised to find that railway attendants are infinitely more polite and attentive than their brethren of the coach conveyances. This, in itself, gives travelling by railway a great superiority over all other modes of public conveyance.

Talking of coachmen, reminds me of the wonderful change which has taken place in the fortunes of these personages near the great lines of railway in England. I heard of a town through which eighty stage-coaches used to pass daily to and from London: now there are only two. What a falling off for coachmen! The men had ample reason to foresee the coming day of distress, but they made no provision against it. In the town just mentioned, a company of fifty guards and coachmen have adopted the expedient of public begging. They go about in a band, with trumpets and other instruments, like a knot of

showmen or frozen-out gardeners, picking up a few odd pence and shillings. We may pity these men, but we should at the same time remember that their system was a demoralising one to a great degree, as, indeed, this resorting to mendicancy helps to prove. Their gains were in general much above the value of their services, and were realised in a degrading way. Hence, while many, no doubt, were decent and worthy men, many others were unsteady, and some acted in a manner absolutely ridiculous. I remember one personage who was afflicted with such a plethora of wealth, that all the buttons on his clothes were half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. But there was another, equally rich, who did things more genteelly. On arriving at his destination, he threw down the reins with the air of a prince, touched his hat all round to the passengers, and having pocketed his contributions, took his place in a gig with a liveried servant, who was waiting for his arrival.

Many stories, equally deplorable, are told of the ruin of inns on the formerly leading lines of road. Some "houses" are entirely shut up, and others continue a feeble existence. One inn at W—, perhaps the largest and oldest-established in England, is at present about to be abandoned by its proprietor. Previous to the establishment of the adjoining railway, it maintained in daily use thirty pairs of post-horses, and now it scarcely gives employment to two. But there are a hundred such cases, as every traveller by the old lines of road can readily testify. If, however, there be some individual losses, there are evidently great public advantages from the railway establishments. Every where along the lines, and particularly at the stopping stations, improvements are less or more perceptible, and in some instances entirely new towns are rising into existence on the verge of the newly created thoroughfares. Trade, promoted by rapid personal transit and a cheap means of literary correspondence, is likewise acknowledged to be on the increase in every newly opened-up district. As yet, indeed, the great railway organisation in England, wonderful as is its extent and capacity, is only in its infancy, and a few years will necessarily be required for its perfection. When this period arrives, social improvement, in despite of every opposing principle, will be developed beyond the most sanguine expectations of its advocates.

A STORY OF THE VENDEAN REIGN OF TERROR.*

WHILE residing at Nantes, I had repeatedly heard of a person, usually called the Wild Man of the Rocks, who had taken up his abode in a secluded cave, and had there passed many years, only issuing forth now and then by night to receive the means of sustaining life from the charity of the neighbouring villagers. It was well known that he had been a physician in Bretagne, at the era of the first Revolution, and that he had escaped in some extraordinary manner from the proscriptions of the terrible Carrier, one of the worst of the many wretches whom the agitations of that time raised to note and power, and who made the city of Nantes the scene of calamities far exceeding those of even Paris itself. But no one knew the particulars of the history of Lormet, as the old hermit was named. I was seized with a curiosity to see him, and, after some difficulty, not only accomplished my wish, but prevailed upon him to relate to me the events which had affected him so deeply as to cause his voluntary separation from the society of his fellow-creatures.

"I was thirty years old," said Lormet, whom I found to be no maniac, as some supposed, but a calm and thoughtful old man, "and was engaged in the exercise of my profession in that part of Bretagne called *La Vendée*, when the civil troubles began to desolate our unhappy province. A principal part of my employment consisted in my attendance upon the distinguished families of Josselin and Rochemaure, the existing members of which honoured me with their warmest friendship. These houses, connected by frequent former alliances, were about to be still more closely united by the projected marriage of Isidor de Josselin and Hortense de Rochemaure, the heirs of their respective families. The end of the year 1792 had been fixed upon for this union. Isidor, the eldest of three sons, was at this time only twenty-two years of age; but he had already given such indications of talent, and had exhibited so many virtues, as to be looked upon by the whole province as one destined to high distinction among his countrymen. Hortense was an orphan. She had reached the age of seventeen years, and lived with the Marquis de Rochemaure, her grandfather, by whom she was almost idolised; and if beauty and amiability of character could excuse a feeling so strong, Hortense was one well worthy of it. The betrothed pair had been fondly attached to one another from childhood, and every thing was full of smiling promise for their future happiness.

Such was the state of the two families when the standard of civil war was raised in the provinces, and a proclamation addressed to the gentry of Bretagne, calling upon them to take part with the *républic*. In the absence of her husband, who had gone abroad at the first outbreak of the Revolution, Madame Josselin repaired

* This tale is abridged from a French work, entitled "The Hermit in the Provinces," the production of M. E. Jouy, a well-known traveller in his native land.

with her three sons to the chateau de Rochemaure, to take counsel with the old marquis as to the steps proper for herself and her family to adopt in the existing conjuncture. I was present (continued Lormet) at that consultation. The marquis advised Madame de Josselin herself to join her husband without delay. 'As to your sons,' said the marquis, 'they should remember the Athenian law, which condemned to death every citizen who did not take one side or another in times of civil trouble. They held it base in any one to wait till he saw what would be his interest, before declaring what his course was to be. Your sons are now old enough to judge of their duty, and they should follow it. For me, I am too old to bear arms in any cause, or to seek an asylum in a foreign land, and it is my resolve to wait here the issue of events in quietness, so long as I am permitted to enjoy it. But the issue, I fear, will be dark and calamitous to all France.'

Madame de Josselin adopted the counsel of the marquis, and left the country with her youngest son. Her two elder children, notwithstanding the prejudices of birth, had long been alive to the wrongs inflicted on the people of France by their superiors, and they gave in their adherence, accordingly, to the popular cause. Isidor was immediately named commandant of a volunteer battalion of the Loire, and at the head of it was sent to Mayenne to join General Kleber. But the hope which the young man had entertained of being appointed to combat with his country's foreign enemies, was suddenly brought to an end. The garrison of Mayenne, of which he formed a part, was ordered to La Vendée, the very province of his birth, and the abode of his Hortense. Against it was he to go as an enemy, and there to engage in mortal contest with his countrymen and friends. So deeply did this idea distress him, that, on reaching La Vendée with General Kleber, whose favour he had completely gained, Isidor made an appeal to his commander to be permitted temporarily to quit the army. But this appeal was met by a hint of the reflections which might be thrown out against him by others, especially as a battle was hourly expected; and Isidor at once saw that, at the moment at least, he could not honourably be relieved from his painful situation. He remained, was present at the engagement of Torfou, and had the honour of being advanced to the rank of chief-of-brigade by Kleber, for his conduct on the field. But Kleber was immediately called to the army of the north, and the subsequent disposition of things compelled Isidor to remain behind with his battalion. His entreaties procured a promise, however, that the general would send for him to the north within a month afterwards.

The inquiries of Isidor procured him intelligence respecting Hortense and her grandfather, that at once pleased and vexed him. He learnt that the neutrality preserved by the marquis had not saved him from suspicion, and that he had been compelled to quit his chateau, but had escaped with his granddaughter to some place not known. Trusting that they were in safety, the young soldier longed for the summons of Kleber, to take him from a scene where the fulfilment of his duty was so painful. But at this time Carrier, the execrable Carrier, came to Nantes. With the eagerness of a bloodhound, this man caused the republican soldiers to scour the country incessantly in search of prey. Isidor was forced to act under his orders for a few days, and was sent with his battalion to take the Castle of Clisson, where several Vendean chiefs, it was known, were accustomed to meet. When in action, Isidor forgot all but his immediate duty, and on this occasion he speedily made his way, at the head of a few of his men, into the castle. In a lower hall, he found five or six wounded Vendean officers. 'Surrender, gentlemen,' cried Isidor, 'and I pledge my word for the safety of your lives!' His men echoed the pledge. 'You promise more than you can perform,' replied an old Vendean officer, calmly. 'Once taken prisoners, we are in the hands of Carrier, not yours; and we must certainly perish on the scaffold. Permit us to go,' continued he after a pause, 'and we shall yield our arms, and engage never more to bear them against the republic.' This was all that Isidor desired from those whom he opposed in this civil struggle, and he consulted his comrades with the view of gaining their consent. Guided by him, they gave it at once, and the officers were told that they were at liberty to depart. Before going, however, the old officer again spoke. 'I have another prayer to make,' said he. 'Do not burn the castle. It was the cradle of a brave man, and such an edifice should be sacred.' Having said these words, he turned to Isidor, and whispered a brief sentence in his ear, after which he departed with his friends.

That whisper affected Isidor most painfully. He became deadly pale, and staggered back, as if struck by a cannon-shot. The sound of fire-arms recalled him to activity, if not to composure, and he rushed out to discover the cause. Alas! the poor Vendean had been observed by others of the investing band, and before a word of explanation could pass, had been shot on the spot. Immediately afterwards, the whole of the soldiers entered the castle, and a search commenced, in which the young commander, contrary to his usual custom, appeared to take the most active share. Under the plea of anxiety to fulfil his duty, he allowed no one to search but with himself. The task at length was finished, and then the troop, according to their usual custom, proceeded to set the place on fire.

Isidor addressed them in opposition to this design. He called to their recollection its founder, Oliver de Clisson, the terror of the Flemings, and scourge of the English; and concluded by saying, that, in any case, they ought not to destroy the castle except by express orders, especially as he had proposed to occupy it as a favourable station for continuing the war. This little harangue had the desired effect. The castle was evacuated, and Isidor made all possible haste to report the issue of the expedition to the officer above him in command, who, at the young soldier's own suggestion, sent him back with a single piqueet of cavalry, to occupy Clisson and its neighbourhood. Isidor established his men in a building at the end of the park, and then took an opportunity of entering alone the deserted castle.

The scene which then took place is not to be described. There Isidor, as he had been warned by the Vendean chief, found his beloved Hortense and her grandfather, concealed in the secret chamber where the family papers were kept. It may be imagined with what terror the proposal to burn the castle inspired him. The secreted pair, he found, had been prepared to fly in the garb of peasants towards Paris, just before the castle was taken. Now, the scheme was renewed. Isidor, over whose mind the remembrance of the terrible Carrier threw an inexpressible degree of alarm, counselled flight on the following day. This being arranged, he tore himself from them, to avoid raising suspicion. An awful shock awaited him on rejoining his men. A paper was handed to him, containing these words:—'By order of the representatives of the people, Carrier and Francastel, the chief-of-battalion, Josselin, will instantly arrest and conduct towards Nantes, the rebel Rochemaure, whom he will find concealed in the Castle of Clisson,' &c. The unhappy young officer, as soon as night fell, returned to the castle, and without being able to articulate a word, placed the order in the hands of M. de Rochemaure. 'I expected it,' said the old man, calmly. Hortense saw by the looks of her lover that something alarming had occurred. 'Tell me, Isidor, what has happened! Tell me, I conjure you!' The youth turned away his head, but the marquis answered for him. 'It would be of no avail to conceal it. The poor boy has received orders, my child, to arrest me.' Hortense gave a cry of poignant distress, and threw her arms around her grandsire. 'We must all fly instantly,' cried Isidor, starting as if from stupor; 'the park adjoins a forest, which I have well examined. We can find temporary safety there, at least, and may afterwards reach the hamlet beyond.' 'That is what I was about to propose,' said the old marquis. 'You have no other way, Isidor, of saving your wife—yes, your wife; for, from this moment, Hortense is yours, and you must answer for her protection before heaven and before men!' Such a thought was capable of giving pleasure to the unfortunate pair, even in that hour of distress; and they knelt down to receive the old man's blessing. Having given this with tears, the marquis continued to enjoin the necessity of flight. 'My father,' exclaimed Hortense, 'you do not speak of yourself!' The marquis now pointed out the necessity of their separation. He said that his age and infirmities would but impede their flight, and render it vain; and that he himself would even be safer alone. To all this Hortense had but one reply, 'No, no, I will never quit you! never!'

An hour was spent by the marquis in endeavouring to combat this resolve of his grandchild. The period of safety was fast passing by, for Isidor had been informed that Carrier's detestable body-guard were to come at morning to meet him and receive his prisoners. At length, finding Hortense still resolute, the marquis arose, and, saying solemnly, 'Isidor, remember your duty to your wife,' went into a little side apartment. In an instant, the sound of a pistol indicated that the old man had sacrificed himself to terminate the scruples of his grandchild, and enable her to be saved!

It was with great difficulty, and only after a long delay, that Isidor could separate Hortense from the body of her unfortunate parent. But he finally prevailed upon her to quit the castle. The pair entered the forest, and after walking till dawn, reached the banks of the Loire at the village of Broussards. They had the hope, if they could procure a boat to convey them across the river, that they would then be in comparative safety; and they were on the point of entering one, when some soldiers, belonging to one of the roving bands of the republican army, were drawn to the spot. The extraordinary beauty of Hortense attracted the admiration of these ruffians, and they attempted to stop the embarkation. Isidor ordered them to desist, announcing himself as the commandant of Clisson; but his words only bred suspicion, and he was compelled to draw his sword and repel them by force. More of the wretches came to the spot, however, and the unhappy lovers were both seized and hurried off to Nantes, which was close by, for examination. The anxiety of any person to escape was in these times fit cause for apprehension and execution.

On that day (continued Lormet) I myself had been thrown into prison. I was seated on a bench amid a crowd of other unfortunates, not one of whom had even a hope of life, when my attention was attracted by a conversation close behind me. 'We shall at last die together, Isidor,' said a low female voice. 'No, no, you shall not die, Hortense!' was the reply; 'so much youth, and beauty, and innocence, must find grace even with these monsters.' 'If you love me,

Isidor, do not even wish such a thing! I have seen my father expire, and death awaits my husband—yes, my husband, Isidor, and no power shall prevent me sharing his fate.' The two speakers wept for a time in each other's embrace. 'But what a death, Hortense!—oh, you know not all its horrors!' 'We may escape, Isidor,' said she, in a whisper almost of exultation; 'we are not without the means.' I turned round as she spoke, and saw that her features bore the marks of the deepest despair.

It was now that I spoke to the ill-fated lovers, and that the deed was consummated which has made me spend my days in solitary prayer far from the dwellings of men. Isidor and Hortense knew me instantly, and, in the contemplation of my misfortunes, forgot their own for a moment. But this forgetfulness could not last long. I told them I had overheard all, and Isidor, with indescribable eagerness, besought me, if I could, to rescue Hortense from the horrible indignities of a death such as Carrier gave his victims. I understood him too well. About my person I had a small quantity of poison—the necessity was dreadful. Why linger on the issue? Believing that I was conferring a benefit, and indeed feeling that I was making a great personal sacrifice, I gave it to the unhappy pair. It saved them from all sense of the barbarities that followed in a few hours, when one hundred and twenty-five unfortunates, men, women, and children, were taken on board a boat, tied together by pairs, and drowned in the Loire, in presence of Carrier and his band. The accompanying brutalities of the scene are not to be told. These were the too famous *Noyades* (drownings) of La Vendée!

I saw (concluded Lormet) the bodies of Isidor and Hortense committed to the waters of the Loire. I myself underwent the same doom, but by a train of accidental circumstances, which have no particular interest, found myself rescued from death. For all that has happened to myself, I might still be among men, but I prefer to remain in solitude, and feed my thoughts with the remembrance of the unhappy pair with whose fate I was connected—a pair such, in person and mind, as heaven has seldom lent to earth.

MEMOIRS OF A RUSSIAN LADY OF HONOUR.*

THE Princess Daschkaw was the intimate friend of one of the most remarkable personages of modern history, Catherine II., Empress of Russia. The vices which stained the character of Catherine as a woman, cannot prevent the world from taking a strong interest in her as the able and successful ruler of a great empire; and hence we peruse these volumes with no slight degree of curiosity.

The Princess Daschkaw was of the Worontzow family, one highly distinguished in the Russian annals, and several members of which were in office under the Empress Elizabeth, at the period of our heroine's birth, which took place in 1744. She was therefore much about the court even from her infancy. When little more than fifteen, she was married to her countryman, Prince Daschkaw, to whom she was ever fondly attached. A story is told by her, which gives a striking proof of her conjugal affection in the early years of her wedded life. After a temporary absence from Moscow, where his family then lived, the prince returned to it in a state of ill health; and being unwilling to alarm the princess, at that time in a situation requiring such caution, drove first to his aunt's house. A giddy servant girl informed the poor young wife of his illness and secret return, and her fears magnified the danger so greatly, that, in spite of her condition, she left her chamber, and rushed through the streets to the house where the prince was. 'I know not (she says) how I scrambled up a high flight of steps which led to my husband's apartment. All I can tell is, that, on entering, I saw him pale and extended on his bed. I caught but a momentary glimpse, and fell lifeless on the floor, and in this state was conveyed home in a litter.' Prince Daschkaw believed at first that he had seen a vision, but he followed her home instantly. His complaint being infectious, he was not allowed to see his wife, and the pair had to content themselves with writing to each other hourly. Happily, both of them recovered. After 'forty long years of sorrow' for her husband's loss, the princess remembered these things, she says, with profound pleasure; and we confess to have been also pleased, as well as prepossessed in her favour, by finding, on the threshold of her memoirs, this strong, though certainly very foolish, proof of her affectionate disposition and conjugal tenderness.

Catherine, afterwards Empress of Russia, was at this time grand-duchess, being wife to Peter, nephew and heir-apparent of the reigning sovereign Elizabeth. The circumstance which first drew the notice of Catherine to the Princess Daschkaw is worthy of notice. 'At the period of which I am speaking, there were not two women in the empire, excepting the grand-duchess and myself, who occupied themselves at all in serious reading; here was a point of mutual attraction.' The grand-duchess had abundance of time to devote to the amusement, for she was hated and deserted by her husband, a person described by the princess, and with justice, as an annoying block-head. The two principal features in his character

* Memoirs of the Princess Daschkaw, &c. Henry Colburn & London. 2 vols. 1840.

were, a strong love of all things military, and an intense admiration of the Prussians, whose sovereign he actually termed "the King my Master." He was perpetually surrounded by a band of officers, "who had been for the most part corporals or sergeants in the Prussian service, the truant sons of German shoemakers, and such as had risen from the very dregs of the people." With these personages, "over punch, tea, and tobacco," and engaged in ridiculous games, the grand-duke passed his whole time. The Princess Daschkaw was compelled to be sometimes present at these entertainments, and was so little able to conceal her contempt for the entertainer, as to give him replies now and then that caused his very familiars to stare, and exclaim, "What a spirit that woman has!" When the Empress Elizabeth was on her death-bed, the prospect of danger to the grand-duchess Catherine, from the accession of her husband to power, greatly alarmed the Princess Daschkaw. The revolution that overturned the government of a great empire, was concocted by this active and energetic woman, who, on hearing that the empress was certainly dying, proceeded, in the middle of a winter night, to the palace of the grand-duchess. The latter was in bed. "My dearest princess," said she, "before you tell me what brings you out at such an extraordinary hour, endeavour to warm yourself; you are, indeed, too negligent of your health, which is so precious to us all." She then bade me get into the bed, and having well muffled up my feet, she at length allowed me to speak." In this somewhat odd position, these two women first openly spoke of overthrowing the succession to the throne of Russia.

Peter, however, at first obtained the sceptre peacefully. Immediately afterwards, he began to annoy and disgust every body. His passion for military parade proved ludicrously troublesome to various respectable old gentlemen who had all their days been peaceful civilians. "I could not help smiling when I perceived the old prince Troubetskoy, who was at least seventy years of age, suddenly metamorphosed into a military character, and now, for the first time in his life, arrayed in full uniform, braced tight as a drum, booted and spurred, and prepared for desperate combat. This fearful vision was one of the dauntless warriors of the court of Peter." These and many worse propensities of the czar offended and alarmed the country, and paved the way for the revolution. This event was finally effected by a dashing stroke of the Princess Daschkaw. Having sounded the Ismaeloffsky guards, and found their disposition favourable, she boldly ordered them out to receive the empress-consort, on her entering the capital from Peterhoff. The guards obeyed; they received Catherine with shouts, and, being joined by the people, at once proclaimed her the head of the empire. Peter was thrown into confinement, and was soon after most barbarously murdered. The princess assuredly had nothing to do with this matter, and she also declares the empress entirely innocent of all share in it. Such may be the case, but it is undeniable that the Orloffs, on whom the princess lays the guilt, were both before and afterwards the unworthy favourites of the empress. In whatever manner it may be palliated, the murder of Peter reflects indelible disgrace on Catherine.

We have perhaps spent too much time upon this matter, but our excuse is, that the compassing of this revolution, by which Russia was saved from a probably long career of gross tyranny, was the great event of the Princess Daschkaw's life. She lost her husband early, and in 1769 made a journey through Europe, which she repeated a few years afterwards, chiefly for the benefit of her children's health and education. She visited France, and became intimate with many distinguished persons, among others Diderot and Voltaire. On being first introduced to the latter, she found him in very bad health. "He was supported into the room by his valet-de-chambre, and placed on his knees in a great chair, over the back of which he leant, and continued opposite to me in this uneasy posture during the whole of supper-time. This sort of constraint, perhaps, disappointed a good deal the expectations I had formed from this visit." On first hearing the princess speak, he behaved most characteristically. "He disconcerted me excessively by raising up his arm in a theatrical manner, and with a tone of astonishment exclaiming, 'What is this I hear! even her very voice is the voice of an angel!' As I came only to admire him, to be flattered so extravagantly was certainly the last thing in my thoughts—and so I believe I told him." Voltaire, she also tells us, was much afraid of the ingenious trickery of a neighbour, M. Hubert, "who had a little favourite dog with which he used to divert himself at the other's expense by making him snap at a piece of cheese, which, after two or three twists in his mouth, turned out so exact a likeness of Voltaire, that one would have said it was a miniature copy of the famous bust of Pigal."

Another incident of her travels, of a still more diverting description, may here be cited:—"At Dantz, where we were to remain a couple of nights, we lodged at the Russian hotel, the most considerable in the place. On being shown into the large eating-room, I was struck with two pictures, the subjects of which were battles lost by the Russian troops, who were represented in groups of dead and dying, or on their knees, supplicating mercy of the victorious Prussians. I was so scandalised at the figure my countrymen here made, in the sight of travellers of all nations who fre-

quented this hotel, that I seriously set about upbraiding M. Rebender, our chargé d'affaires, for allowing such an abominable monument of our disgrace to exist. He gravely replied that it was quite out of his province to repress grievances of such a nature; 'but, madam,' said he, 'you are not the only one whom these battles have offended: Alexis Orloff, when he passed through Dantz some time ago, was at this same hotel, and was no less indignant at the pictures than yourself.' 'Why did he not, then, buy them,' said I, 'at any price, and throw them into the fire! Were I a twentieth part as rich, I would do so in a moment; but, as that is not the case, I must have recourse to a plan which will, perhaps, answer as well.' As soon as our resident left us, I commissioned two gentlemen, MM. Woltehoff and Shtellin—both belonging to our embassy at Berlin, whither they afterwards accompanied us—to buy me some oil colours, blue, green, red, and white; and as soon as supper was over, and we had well barricaded the doors, these gentlemen, who knew how to handle a pencil, assisted me in regaining these lost battles, by changing the blue and white of the conquering Prussians into the green and red uniforms of our Russian heroes. It cost us the whole night to achieve this twofold victory; and it must have occasioned no little surprise and curiosity among the good people of the house, to find that three of our party were thus locked up together, and their dull room, hitherto the refuse of the yawning traveller, lighted up all night, and suddenly become the theatre of some mysterious mirth. For my part, the idea so enchanted me, that I was like a truant child, both fearful and triumphant at the frolic. The next day, I had my trunks unpacked in this same field of battle, as the only excuse I could offer for keeping every one out of it but those of our party and the two companions of my prowess."

The princess visited Scotland in 1778, and placed her son for a time at the University of Edinburgh, under the charge of Principal Robertson. "The very names (says she) of Robertson, Blair, Adam Smith, and Ferguson, are sufficient to denote the privilege and pleasure I enjoyed in their society." She herself was universally admired, alike for her wit and extensive intelligence, as for her qualities of heart, her uprightness, and her benevolence. On returning to Russia, she received many marks of favour from Catherine, and at last that all-powerful personage, having the belief, not unsupported by personal experience, that women could manage all sorts of affairs as well as men, actually named the princess "Director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences." To do the princess justice, she obstinately resisted this nomination. "Appoint me (said she) directress of your majesty's washerwomen, and you shall see with what zeal I am capable of serving you." But the empress was peremptory, and the princess was obliged to succumb. Once satisfied of the necessity for assuming the office, she turned to the duties of it with her usual promptitude and good sense. Accompanied by the illustrious Euler, she took her place at the head of the Academy, and addressed them in a harangue full of point and force. The Academy was then in a state at once of decay and corruption. "I am resolved to allow not the smallest speculation (said she) in the offices." The academy was in debt, and that deeply, and its publications had been stopped. The princess again published the Transactions of the body, and, in order to pay the debt, "had recourse to the expedient of offering those books for sale which were issued from the academic press, at thirty per cent. lower than the established prices. From this source I had soon the means of paying these debts, of raising the stipends of all the professors, and also of establishing three new courses of lectures in mathematics, geometry, and natural history, which were delivered gratuitously." In short, the princess put the academy to rights in one year, without any external aid whatever. An extraordinary sight it must have been to see the ablest men in the country standing idly by, totally unable to help themselves, while this talented woman was actively and successfully labouring to relieve them.

The Princess Daschkaw survived her mistress, and was exiled under Paul, a doom from which she was freed by Alexander. She spent the greater part of her advanced life at Troitzkoe, her estate near Moscow; and here she was living in 1803, when visited by Miss M. Wilmot (now Mrs W. Bradford) a young English lady whose relatives she knew, and who has acted as editor of these Memoirs, intrusted to her for the purpose by the princess. The following excellent sketch of the latter in her advanced days, is from the pen of Miss Wilmot's sister:—"I wish you were to see the princess go out to take a walk, or rather to look over her subjects. An old brown greatcoat, and a silk handkerchief about her neck worn to rags, is her dress; and well it may be worn to rags, for she has worn it eighteen years, and will continue to wear it as long as she lives, because it belonged to her friend Mrs Hamilton. There is an originality in her appearance, in her manner of speaking, in her doing every description of thing, which distinguishes her from every creature I ever knew or heard of. She helps the masons to build walls, she assists with her own hands in making the roads, she feeds the cows, she composes music, she writes for the press; she talks out loud in the church, and corrects the priest if he is not devout; she talks out loud at her little theatre, and puts in the performers when they are out in their parts; she is a doctor, an apothecary, a surgeon, a

farrier, a carpenter, a magistrate, a lawyer—in short, she daily practises every species of incongruity; corresponds with her brother, who holds the first post in the empire; with authors, with philosophers, with Jews, with poets, with her son, with all her relatives; and yet appears as if she had her time a burden on her hands. She gives me continually the idea of her being a fairy; and I protest it is not jokingly that I say so, for the impression never quits me for a moment."

The princess died in 1810. To the memoir of her life, there is appended a considerable amount of correspondence, and also an interesting narrative of the editor's own stay in Russia. Were it but for this narrative alone, the work would be well worthy of the public notice. We conclude with an extract illustrative of Russian despotism:—"It is well known that, during the reign of Peter I., it was the custom of that tyrant to punish those nobles who offended him, by an imperial order that they should become fools; from which moment, the unfortunate victim, however endowed with intellect, instantly became the laughing-stock of the whole court; he had the privilege of saying every thing he chose, at the peril, however, of being kicked or horsewhipped, without daring to offer any sort of retaliation; every thing he did was ridiculed, his complaints treated as jests, and his sarcasms sneered at, and commented on, as marvellous proofs of understanding in a fool. The Empress Anne surpassed this abominable cruelty, but sometimes mingled in her practices so much of oddity, that it was impossible not to be entertained. Once she decreed that a certain Prince G— should become a hen, to punish him for some trifling misdemeanour; and for this purpose, she ordered a large basket, stuffed with straw, and hollowed into a nest, with a quantity of eggs inside, to be placed conspicuously in one of the principal rooms at court. The prince was condemned, on pain of death, to sit upon this nest, and render himself to the last degree ridiculous, by imitating the cackling of a hen. This same empress was very fond of the Countess Tchernicheff, and frequently ordered her into her presence, to divert her by her amusing conversation. This poor lady became, however, exceedingly unwell, and her legs swelled so violently, as to make it quite a martyrdom for her to stand. The empress, never conceiving the possibility of a subject being tired in the presence of her sovereign, and not wishing to deprive herself of the entertainment she experienced in her society, for a long time saw her suffering before her eyes, without offering the slightest relief. One day, however, perceiving her ready to faint, and vainly trying to support herself, first on one foot and then on the other, yet still forcing her spirits into gaiety, the empress took compassion on her poor favourite, and said, 'Thou mayest lean upon that table, and Anna Ivanovna (her majesty's chief attendant) shall stand before thee, and screen thee from me, so that I may not see thy attitude.' With this anecdote of a female despot, we close these entertaining memoirs."

POETRY OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

THE scholarship, integrity, and general talent of George Buchanan, are universally acknowledged; but few persons are aware that his character had its soft as well as its stern features, and that he was a dramatic and lyrical poet whose strains must have still been familiar to his countrymen, if they had chanced to be expressed in a language readily and generally intelligible. He had studied the Greek and Roman poets, not as a pedagogue, but as a man of poetic feeling and power, and it was rather his misfortune than his choice that, neglecting his own homely vernacular, he composed his verses in Latin. We propose to introduce, in this place, a few specimens of his poetic talents, in an English dress, that our readers may form some acquaintance with those portions of his character which we have remarked to be at present generally unknown. Here, of course, we must fail in a great measure to convey a due impression of the exquisite felicity of his language; but it may be possible to give some notion of the style of his ideas.

He has many sprightly and graceful lyrics addressed "to Neera," some of them in a strain only too voluptuous for modern taste. Whether this was a creature of his imagination or the object of a real passion, his biographers do not inform us; but assuredly the latter case seems the more probable one, when we consider the earnestness with which he addresses her. In one, of which we give a translation by the late Mr Robert Hogg of Peeblesshire, there is, it is true, some trace of the conceit of the Cowley school, but it is elegant and playful conceit:—

My wreck of mind, and all my woes,
And all my ills, that day arose,
When on the fair Neera's eyes,
Like stars that shine,
At first, in hapless fond surprise,
I gazed with mine.
When my glance met her searching glance
A shivering o'er my body burst.
As light leaves in the green woods dance,
When western breezes stir them first;
My heart forth from my breast to go,
And mix with hers, already wanting,
Now beat, now trembled to and fro,
With eager fondness leaping, panting.
Just as a boy, whose nurse wroth him,
Folding his young limbs in her bosom,
Heeds not careens from another,
But turns his eyes still to his mother,

When she may once regard him watches,
And forth his little fond arms stretches;
Just as a bird within the nest
That cannot fly, yet constant trying,
Its weak wings on its tender breast
Beats with the vain desire of flying.

Thou, wary mind, thyself preparing
To live at peace from all enarring,
That thou might'st never mischief catch,
Placed'st you, unhappy eyes, to watch
With vigilance that knew no rest,
Beside the gateways of the breast;
But you, induced by dalliance deep,
Or guile, or overcome with sleep,
Or else have, of your own accord,
Consented to betray your lord;
Both heart and soul then fled and left
Me spiritless, of mind bereft.

Then cease to weep; use is there none,
To think by weeping to atone;
Since heart and spirit from me fled,
You move not by the tears you shed;
But go to her, entreat, obtain:
If you do not entreat and gain,
Then will I ever make you gaze
Upon her, till in dark amazement
You sightless in your sockets roll,
Extinguish'd by her eyes' bright blaze,
As I have been deprived of heart and soul.

It is not unworthy of remark, that Milton alludes to this heroine of Buchanan in the well-known passage—

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair."

The Ode on the First of May is one of the most poetical of the productions of Buchanan. It has been beautifully translated by Archdeacon Wrangham, as follows:—

Hail! sacred thou to sacred joy,
To mirth and wine, sweet First of May!
To sports, which no grave cares alloy,
The sprightly dance, the festive play!

Hail! thou, of ever-circling time
That graecst still the ceaseless flow!
Bright blossom of the season's prime,
Aye hastening on to winter's snow!

When first young Spring his angel face
On earth unveiled, and years of gold
Gilt with pure ray man's guileless race,
By law's stern terrors uncontroll'd:

Such was the soft and genial breeze,
Mild Zephyr breathed on all around;
With grateful gale, to air like these
Yielded its wealth th' unlabour'd ground.

So fresh, so fragrant is the gale,
Which o'er the Islands of the Blest
Sweeps; where nor aches the limbs assail,
Nor age's peevish pains infect.

Where thy hush'd groves, Elysium, sleep,
Such winds with whisper'd murmurs blow;
So, where dull Lethe's waters creep,
They heave, scarce heave, the cypress-bough.

And such, when heaven with penal flame
Shall purge the globe, that golden day
Restoring, o'er man's brighten'd frame
Haply such gale again shall play.

Hail, thou, the fleet year's pride and prime!
Hail, day which Fame should bid to bloom!
Hail, image of primeval time!
Hail, sample of a world to come!

Buchanan also wrote a longer and more elaborate poem on May-day, which has never, as far as we know, been published in an English form. Of this poem the late Professor Christison of the University of Edinburgh was an enthusiastic admirer: he used to recite portions of it to his class, at the same time pointing out its many beauties. From a manuscript translation by Mr Hogg, we present a few of the descriptive passages:—

Now sports invite, and with them move along
The freshish dance, and soothing love and song,
And joy, which not its usual check restrains,
In riotous indulgence boundless reigns. * *
The stormy clouds float now in fleecy wreaths,
Among the leaves a breeze more gentle breathes;
Robes of a lovelier green the earth array
More plenteous foliage the woods display;
And o'er gay fields are cattle sporting gay;
The horse, from toll set free, upon the plain
Gambols, and tosses off his flowing mane. * *
Now in the shade, the shepherd, stretch'd along,
Dispels solicitude with artless song,
Or lists its murmurs as the stream flows by,
Or sleep invites 'mong fragrant grass to lie.
The angler, sitting by the placid brook,
Watches his slender tremulous line; his hook,
That tells its errand, lingers to repair,
Or loosens ravel'd lines with cautious care.

To the tree planted near, the vine-twig cleaves,
And clothes its naked trunk with borrow'd leaves;
The apple blossoms paint the grove; the vine
Prepares its clusters; rich in prospect shine
The sunny fields, and Titirus prepares
For you white lilies, Thestylis, and bears
Fruits of a mingled gold and purple hue,
In basket wove of shrubs on which they grew;
The swallow and the nightingale he brings,
And pigeons with their young beneath their wings. * *

One of the dramas of Buchanan is formed upon the death of the Baptist, which our poet represents as chiefly brought about by two priests of the temple. In these personages there can be no doubt that Buchanan described bigots of his own age and of the faith which he had himself deserted; that he thus made a shrewd guess at the characters of the persecutors of an earlier day, no reader of the present age can doubt, for characters absolutely identical are every where seen around us. The tragedy of "Jephthah," as might be expected from the subject, is of tenderer interest, and presents many eloquent passages. The following extract contains perhaps one of the most

beautiful—a lamentation over the fallen state of Israel, by a band of Hebrew maidens, who serve in this play the purpose of the chorus in the Greek drama:—

Oh! river Jordan, whose clear wave
Our vales of beauty waters,
Hear those who now an answer crave,
A choir of Judah's daughters:
And thou, whose leaf-enamoured peak
With snows is never hoary,
From out thy palmy forests speak,
Oh Sion, mount of glory!
Shall ever our tear-laden eyes
Behold that blissful morrow,
Which frees our land from foreign ties,
And breaks her bonds of sorrow?
The noble race of Israel pines,
By base oppressors wounded,
And they who spurn'd proud Pharaoh's lines
Of chariots, spear-surrounded—
Who passed the Red Sea's stormy crowd
Of pillows, deep-divided,
And 'mid the desert sands unplough'd
Without dismay abided—
Who bore without alarm the sight
Of monstrous giant races—
They of the timid Ammonite
Now drag the chariot-traces!
No greater shame than this, the base
To serve with tame devotion!
But Thou, great Sire, whose voice allays
The dark and troubled ocean,
Or can from slumbering calm upraise
Its waves to wild commotion—
Who shak'st the firm and stable land
Down to its deep foundations,
And of the mobile, starry band
Controllest the mutations—
Oh, let the ill thy people bear
Avert thine angry glances,
And free us, by thy helping care,
From all our sad mischances.

We propose to add but one other specimen: it is a description, by a messenger, of the conduct of the Hebrew maid, when, in accordance with her father's vow, she prepares to die at the altar. The translation of the above and of the following piece is from a manuscript by Mr Thomas Smibert:—

When the doom'd maid before the altar stood,
Her cheek, unused to meet the common eye,
Was deeply mantled o'er with modest blood,
Like Indian ivory stain'd with purple dye,
Or roses mingled with the lily's snow;
But on her face, along with this chaste glow,
An air of dauntless resolution shone,
And while all wept, she fearless stood alone;
With downward gaze, prepared to meet her fate,
While all the people mourn'd her sad estate.
Some there recall'd the father's recent deed,
Through which the land from bondage had been freed,
Then thought how dark would be his home, and lone,
With that bright flower, its pride, for ever gone!
Some mourn'd the dark vicissitudes of fate,
Which makes while the heart of man date,
Then tempers all his hopes with sharp annoy,
And clouds with years of grief his day of joy.
Others bewail'd the victim's piteous case—
Thought of her youthful loveliness and grace,
Her starlike eyes and flowing hair of gold,
And heart above a woman's nature bold.
It seem'd, indeed, as Heaven had deign'd to shed,
In that last hour, new charms around her head;
As the sun's splendour deepens, when he leaves
His burnish'd tresses in the western waves;
Or as the rose, when days of flowers are o'er,
Seems to the sense still sweeter than before.
So, standing thus upon the verge of death,
Prepared and willing to resign her breath,
Untouch'd by fear, she drew the awe-struck gaze,
And solemn silence fell on all, and deep amazement. * *
Lifting her eyes to heaven, the high-soul'd maid
With holy lips, and steady accents, pray'd:
"Eternal Sire, and Architect of all,
Incline an ear unto thy servant's call;
Look down in pity on this erring race,
And let my spirit meet a Father's grace.
Oh! if thine ire still unappeased remain,
Whate'er the doom reserved to cleanse the stain
Of leaving thee for gods of stone and clay,
May this my blood the hand of justice stay!
Oh! that not once alone the stream could flow!—
If Judah's land may buy redemption so,
Let all thy anger, Lord, descend on me,
Although a thousand deaths the price should be!"
Then cried she to the priest, who shook with fear,
"Approach! there is no cause for terror here!
Throw open the gates that shut the soul in clay,
And let my spirit leave this earthly day,
That so my parent's vow from all may pass away!"

DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND.

The following very luminous "Description and History of England," was lately written as a school essay by a young lady in London, of eleven years of age:—

"The chief town of England is London. It is a merry, busy place. There are a great many people in it. It is very sooty. There are no fields in London, but it is full of houses; and there are several parks and squares for the people to walk in. The country is quite different from London. It is full of fields, which are divided by hedges. There are four seasons in England: spring, summer, autumn, and winter. In spring, the leaves of the trees become green, and there are buds to the flowers. In summer, the flowers are in blossom, the birds sing, and the fruit, which was green in spring, gets quite ripe. England has had thirty-two kings, besides three queens. The kings' names are William the First, who built the Tower of London, and made Doomsday-Book. He also made a law which divided the land between earls, knights, and baronets. William the Second was killed by an arrow whilst he was hunting in the New Forest. He built Westminster Abbey for his dining-room, which was two hundred feet long. He reigned thirteen years. He was the brother of three other boys, the youngest of whom died young. His father ascended the throne in 1066. Henry the First reigned twenty-one years. Oliver Cromwell had a son. The queen who is now reigning is

named Victoria. Nothing has yet happened in her reign but the rebellion of Canada. Viscount Lord Melbourne is her favourite minister.—F. J."

A WORD OF ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

[We find the following admirable paper in the New York Mirror, April 18, 1840, in which it is stated to be a selection from a popular work by Mrs Farrar. It abounds in good sense, and we recommend it to the careful perusal of our young female readers.]

WHAT a pity it is that the thousandth chance of a gentleman's becoming your lover should deprive you of the pleasure of a free, unembarrassed, intellectual intercourse with all the single men of your acquaintance! Yet such is too commonly the case with young ladies who have read a great many novels and romances, and whose heads are always running on love and lovers.

Some one has said, that "matrimony is with women the great business of life, whereas with men it is only an incident"—an important one, to be sure, but only one among many to which their attention is directed, and often kept entirely out of view during several years of their early life. Now, this difference gives the other sex a great advantage over you; and the best way to equalise your lot, and become as wise as they are, is to think as little about it as they do.

The less your mind dwells upon lovers and matrimony, the more agreeable and profitable will be your intercourse with gentlemen. If you regard men as intellectual beings, who have access to certain sources of knowledge of which you are deprived, and seek to derive all the benefit you can from their peculiar attainments and experience—if you talk to them as one rational being should with another, and never remind them that you are candidates for matrimony—you will enjoy far more than you can by regarding them under that one aspect of possible future admirers and lovers. When that is the ruling and absorbing thought, you have not the proper use of your faculties; your manners are constrained and awkward, you are easily embarrassed, and made to say what is ill-judged, silly, and out of place; and you defeat your own views by appearing to a great disadvantage.

However secret you may be in these speculations, if you are continually thinking of them, and attaching undue importance to the acquaintance of gentlemen, it will most certainly show itself in your manners and conversation, and will betray a weakness that is held in especial contempt by the stronger sex.

Since the customs of society have awarded to man the privilege of making the first advance towards matrimony, it is the safest and happiest way for woman to leave the matter entirely in his hands. She should be so educated as to consider that the great end of existence—preparation for eternity—may be equally attained in married or single life, and that no union but the most perfect one is at all desirable. Matrimony should be considered as an incident in life, which, if it come at all, must come without any contrivance of yours, and therefore you may safely put aside all thoughts of it till some one forces the subject upon your notice by professions of a particular interest in you.

Lively, ingenuous, conversable, and charming little girls, are often spoiled into dull, bashful, silent young ladies, and all because their heads are full of nonsense about beaux and lovers. They have a thousand thoughts and feelings which they would be ashamed to confess, though not ashamed to entertain; and their pre-occupation with a subject which they had better let entirely alone, prevents their being the agreeable and rational companions of the gentlemen of their acquaintance which they were designed to be.

Girls get into all sorts of scrapes by this undue preoccupation of mind; they misconstrue the commonest attentions into marks of particular regard, and thus nourish a fancy for a person who has never once thought of them but as an agreeable acquaintance. They lose the enjoyment of a party, if certain beaux are not there whom they expected to meet; they become jealous of their best friends, if the beaux are there, and do not talk to them as much as they wish; every trifle is magnified into something of importance—a fruitful source of misery—and things of real importance are neglected for chimeras. And all this gratuitous pains-taking defeats its own ends! The labour is all in vain; such girls are not the most popular; and those who seem never to have thought about matrimony at all, are sought and preferred before them.

We have been shown, in the most striking manner, by Miss Edgeworth, how "manœuvring" to get husbands defeats its own aims in the old country; and its want of success here is even more complete. Where there is a fair chance of every woman's being married who wishes it, the more things are left to their natural course the better. Where girls are brought up to be good daughters and sisters, to consider the development of their own intellectual and moral natures as the great business of life, and to view matrimony as a good, only when it comes unsought, and marked by such a fitness of things, inward and outward, as shows it to be one of the appointments of God, they will fully enjoy their years of single life, free from all anxiety about being established, and will generally be the first sought in marriage by the wise and good of the other sex; whereas those who are brought up to think the great business of life is to get married, and who spend their lives in plans and manœuvres to bring it about,

are the very ones who remain single, or, what is worse, make unhappy matches.

How strange a thing it is, in the constitution of English and American society, that the subject, of all others the most important and the most delicate, should be that on which every body is most given to joke and banter their friends. Much mischief has been done by this coarse interference of the world in what ought to be the most private and sacred of our earthly concerns; and every refined, delicate, and high-minded girl, should set her face against it, and, by scrupulously refraining from such jokes herself, give no one a right to indulge in them at her expense.

Well-educated girls have a wide range of topics, which afford plenty of agreeable and useful discussion between them and their gentlemen friends; and it is much better to talk with them, and with your female friends, of things and of people—of books, pictures, and the beauties and wonders of nature—than of Miss A—'s spoiled complexion, or Mr B—'s broken engagement, or the quarrel between C— and D—. If you are familiar with the works of great minds, and spend much time in reading them, or if you love nature and scientific researches, you need not be told to avoid gossip, you will have no relish for it. If not possessed of much mental cultivation, you may yet find topics enough without talking of people; and it is so difficult to do that, without sinning against truth or charity, that it is best to avoid it whenever you can.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

WITCHCRAFT IN SCOTLAND.

THE mania respecting witchcraft—for such it might be called—which sprang up into vigour throughout southern Europe in consequence of the edicts of Innocent and Leo, spread in time to Scotland, and acquired strong possession of the public mind during the reign of Queen Mary. At that period, an act was passed by the Scottish parliament for the suppression and punishment of witchcraft; but this only served, as the papal bulls had done, to confirm the people in their maniacal credulity, and to countenance and propagate the general delusion. In terms of these ill-judged statutes, great numbers of persons, male as well as female, were charged with having intercourse with the devil, convicted, and burned on the Castlehill of Edinburgh and elsewhere. This continued during the earlier part of the reign of James VI., whose mind, unfortunately for the more aged of the female part of his subjects, was deeply impressed with the flagrant nature of the crime of witchcraft. In 1590, James, it is well known, made a voyage to Denmark to see, marry, and conduct home in person, his appointed bride, the Princess Anne. Soon after his arrival, a tremendous witch conspiracy against the happy conclusion of his homeward voyage was discovered, in which the principal agents appeared to be persons considerably above the vulgar. One was Mrs Agnes Sampson, commonly called the *Wise Wife of Keith* (Keith being a village in East Lothian), who is described as "grave, matron-like, and settled in her answers." On this occasion, the king was induced by his peculiar tastes to engage personally in the business of judicial investigation. He had all the accused persons brought before himself for examination, and even superintended the tortures applied to them to induce confession. The statements made by these poor wretches form a singular tissue of the ludicrous and horrible in intimate union.

"The said Agnes Sampson was after brought again before the king's majesty and his council, and being examined of the meetings and detestable dealings of those witches, she confessed, that upon the night of All-Hallow-even she was accompanied, as well with the persons aforesaid, as also with a great many other witches, to the number of two hundred, and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle, or sieve, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles, or sieves, to the Kirk of North-Berwick, in Lothian, and that after they had landed, took hands on the land, and danced this reel, or short dance, singing all with one voice,

*'Cummer, goe ye before, cummer, goe ye;
Gif ye will not goe before, cummer, let me.'*

At which she confessed that Geillis Duncan did goe before them, playing this reel or dance upon a small trumpet, called a Jew's harp, until they entered into the Kirk of North-Berwick. These made the king in a wonderful admiration, and he sent for the said Geillis Duncan, who upon the like trumpet did play the said dance before the king's majesty, who, in respect of the strangeness of these matters, took great delight to be present at their examinations."

In the sequel of Agnes Sampson's confession we find some special reasons for the king's passionate liking for these exhibitions, in addition to the mere love of the marvellous. The witches pandered to his vanity on all occasions, probably in the vain hope of mitigating their own doom. Agnes Sampson declared that one great object with Satan and his agents was to destroy the king; that they had held the great North-Berwick convention for no other end; and that they had endeavoured to effect their aim on many occasions, and particularly by raising a storm at sea when James came across from Denmark. "The witches demanded of the diavell why he did beare such hatred to the king? who answered, by reason the king

is the greatest enemy hee hath in the world." Such an eulogy, from such a quarter, could not but pamper the conceit of "the Scottish Solomon."

The following further points in the deposition of Agnes Sampson are worthy of notice. "Item, She went with the witch of Carrieburn, and other witches, to the kirk of Newton, and taking up dead folks and jointing them [cutting off fingers, &c.], made enchanted powders for witchcraft. Item, She went with other witches in a boat, the devil going before them like a rock of hay. Item, The devil, in the shape of a dog, gave her responses concerning her laird's recovery, and endeavoured to put awa one of the ladies' daughters. Item, She raised a universal great storm in the sea when the queen was coming to Scotland, and wrote a letter to that effect to a witch in Leith. Item, She used this prayer in the healing of sickness:—

All kinds of ill that ever may be, &c.

The repetition of these and such like verses by the confessing witches, has been matter of frequent surprise. But it must be remembered that a code of witchcraft, extensively known and accredited, existed at that day, regular forms and rules for its exercise having been laid down in the course of time. It must be recollected, also, that these poor creatures, though guilty of all supernatural intercourse, had really pretended to the gift of healing by charms and incantations in many cases, and had to invent or learn formulas for the purpose. Besides, we find these doggerel scraps chiefly in the revelations of Agnes Sampson. She, it is stated, could write, and of course could read also; and hence she is to be regarded as a person who had had superior opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the witchcraft code, as well as superior capabilities for filling up deficiencies on the spur of the moment. In her confession she implicated one Doctor Fian, otherwise called John Cunningham, master of the school at Saltpan, in Lothian, a man whose story may be noticed at some length, as one of the most curious and instructive in the whole annals of Scottish witchcraft.

Mrs Sampson deposed that Dr Fian was always a prominent person at the witch-meetings, and Geillis Duncan, the marvellous trump-player, confirmed this assertion. Whether made through heedlessness or malice, these averments decided Fian's fate. He was seized, and after being "used with the accustomed paine provided for those offences inflicted upon the rest, first, by thrashing of his head with a rope, whereas he would confess nothing;" and, secondly, being urged "by fair meanes to confesse his follies," which had as little effect; "lastly, hee was put to the most severe and cruell paine in the world, called the booties, when, after he had received three strokes, being inquired if he would confesse his actes and wicked life, his tongue would not serve him to speake; in respect whereof, the rest of the witches willed to search his tongue, under which was founde two pinnes thrust up into the heade, whereupon the witches did say, now is the charme stinted, and showed that those charmed pins were the cause he could not confesse any thing; then was he immediately released of the booties, brought before the king, and his confession was taken." Appalled by the cruel tortures he had undergone, Fian seems now only to have thought how he could best get up a story that should bring him to a speedy death. He admitted himself to be the devil's "register," or clerk, who took the oaths from all witches at their initiation, and avowed his having bewitched various persons. In proof of the latter statement he instanced the case of a gentleman near Saltpan, whom he had so practised upon, he said, that the victim fell into fits at intervals. This person, who seems to have been either a lunatic or afflicted with St Vitus's dance, was sent for, and "being in his majestie's chamber, suddenly hee gave a great scritch, and fell into madnesse, sometimes bending himself, and sometimes capping so directly up, that his heade did touch the ceiling of the chamber, to the great admiration of his majestie." On these and other accounts Dr Fian was sent to prison, but he contrived soon after to escape from it. "By meanes of a hot and harde persuite," he was retaken, and brought before the king, to be examined anew. But the unfortunate man had had time to think, and, like Cranmer under somewhat similar circumstances, resolved to retract the admissions which the weakness of the body had drawn from him, and to suffer any thing rather than renew them. He boldly told this to the king; and James, whom these records make us regard with equal contempt and indignation, ordered the unfortunate man to be subjected to the following most horrible tortures. "His nailes upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a turkas, which in England are called a payre of pincers, and under everie nayle there was thrust in two needles over, even up to the heades; at all which tormentes, notwithstanding, the doctor never shrunk a whit, neither would he then confesse it the sooner for all the tortures inflicted on him. Then was hee, with all convenient speed, by commandement, conveyed again to the torment of the booties, wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blowes in them, that his legges were crushed and beaten together as small as might bee, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever." Notwithstanding all this, such was the strength of mind of the victim, or, as King James termed it, "so deeply had the devil entered into his

heart," that he still denied all, and resolutely declared that "all he had done and said before was only done and said for fear of the paynes which he had endured." As, according to this fashion of justice, to confess or not to confess was quite the same thing, the poor schoolmaster of Saltpan was soon afterwards strangled, and then burned on the Castlehill of Edinburgh (January 1591).

Much about the same time that Agnes Sampson made her confessions, some cases occurred, showing that witchcraft was an art not confined to the vulgar. A woman of high rank and family, Catharine Ross, Lady Fowles, was indicted at the instance of the king's advocate for the practice of witchcraft. On inquiry it was clearly proved that this lady had endeavoured, by the aid of witchcraft and poisons, to take away the lives of three or more persons who stood between her and an object she had at heart. She was desirous to make young Lady Fowles possessor of the property of Fowles, and to marry her to the laird of Balnagown. Before this could be effected, Lady Fowles had to cut off her sons-in-law, Robert and Hector Munro, and the young wife of Balnagown, besides several others. Having consulted with witches, Lady Fowles began her work by getting pictures of the intended victims made in clay, which she hung up, and shot at with arrows shod with flints of a particular kind, called elf-arrow heads. No effect being thus produced, this really abandoned woman took to poisoning ale and dishes, none of which cut off the proper persons, though others who accidentally tasted them lost their lives. By the confession of some of the assistant hags, the purposes of Lady Fowles were discovered, and she was brought to trial; but a local or provincial jury of dependents acquitted her. One of her purposed victims, Hector Munro, was then tried in turn for conspiring with witches against the life of his brother George. It was proved that a curious ceremony had been practised to effect this end. Hector, being sick, was carried abroad in blankets, and laid in an open grave, on which his foster-mother ran the breadth of nine riggs, and, returning, was asked by the chief attendant witch, "which she chose should live, Hector or George?" She answered, "Hector." George Munro did die soon afterwards, and Hector recovered. The latter was also acquitted, by a provincial jury, on his trial.

These disgraceful proceedings were not without their parallel in other families of note of the day. Euphemia Macalezean, daughter of an eminent judge, Lord Cliftonhall, was burned at the stake in 1591, having been convicted, if not of witchcraft, at least of a long career of intercourse with pretenders to witchcraft, whom she employed to remove obnoxious persons out of her way—tasks which they accomplished by the very simple means of poisoning, where they did accomplish them at all. The jury found this violent and abandoned woman, for such she certainly was, guilty of participation in the murder of her own godfather, of her husband's nephew, and another individual. They also found her guilty of having been at the Wise Woman of Keith's great witch-convention of North-Berwick; but every witch of the day was compelled to admit having been there, out of compliment to the king, to whom it was a source of agreeable terror to think himself of so much importance as to call for a solemn convocation of the powers of evil to overthrow him. Euphemia Macalezean was "burnt in assis, quick, to the death." This was a doom not assigned to the less guilty. Alluding to cases of this latter class, a writer (already quoted) in the Foreign Quarterly Review remarks, "In the trials of Bessie Roy, of James Reid, of Patrick Currie, of Isobel Grierson, and of Grizel Gardiner, the charges are principally of taking off and laying on diseases either on men or cattle; meetings with the devil in various shapes and places; raising and dismembering dead bodies for the purpose of enchantments; destroying crops; scaring honest persons in the shape of cats; taking away women's milk; committing housebreaking and theft by means of enchantments, and so on. South-running water, salt, rowan-tree, enchanted flints (probably elf-arrow heads), and doggerl verses, generally a translation of the creed or Lord's Prayer, were the means employed for effecting a cure." Diseases, again, were laid on by forming pictures of clay or wax; by placing a dead hand, or some mutilated member, in the house of the intended victim; or by throwing enchanted articles at his door. A good purpose did not save the witch; intercourse with spirits, in any shape, being the crime.

Of course, in the revelations of the various witches, inconsistencies were abundant, and even plain and evident impossibilities were frequently among the things avowed. The sapient James, however, in place of being led by these things to doubt the whole, was only strengthened in his opinions, it being a maxim of his, that the witches were "all extreme lyars." Other persons came to different conclusions from the same premises, and before the close of James's reign, many men of sense began to weary of the torturings and incriminations that took place almost every day, in town or country, and had done so for a period of thirty years (betwixt 1590 and 1620). Advocates now came forward to defend the accused, and in their pleadings ventured even to arraign some of the received axioms of "Daemonologie" laid down by the king himself, in a book bearing that name. The removal of James to England moderated, but did not altogether stop, the witch prosecutions. After his death they slackened

more considerably. Only eight witchcraft cases are on the Record as having occurred between 1625 and 1640 in Scotland, and in one of these cases, remarkable to tell, the accused escaped. The mania, as it appears, was beginning to wear itself out.

As the spirit of puritanism gained strength, however, which it gradually did during the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the partially cleared horizon became again overcast, and again was this owing to ill-judged edicts, which, by indicating the belief of the great and the educated in witchcraft, had the natural effect of reviving the frenzy among the flexible populace. The General Assembly was the body in fault on this occasion, and from this time forward the clergy were the great witch-hunters in Scotland. The Assembly passed condemnatory acts in 1640, 43, 44, 45, and 49, and with every successive act, the cases and convictions increased, with even a deeper degree of attendant horrors than at any previous time. "The old impossible and abominable fancies," says the review formerly quoted, "of the *Malleus* were revived. About thirty trials appear on the Record between 1649 and the Restoration, only one of which appears to have terminated in an acquittal; while at a single circuit, held at Glasgow, Stirling, and Ayr, in 1659, seventeen persons were convicted and burnt for this crime." But it must be remembered that the phrase "on the Record" alludes only to judicial trials, which formed but a small proportion of the cases really tried. The judiciary lists take no note of the commissions perpetually given by the Privy-Council to resident gentlemen and clergymen to try and burn witches in their respective districts. These commissions executed people over the whole country in multitudes. Wodrow, Lamont, Mercer, and Whitelocke, prove this but too satisfactorily.

The clergy continued, after the Restoration, to pursue these imaginary criminals with a zeal altogether deplorable. The Judiciary Court condemned twenty persons in the first year of Charles II.'s reign (1661), and in one day of the same year the council issued fourteen new provincial commissions, the aggregate doings of which one shudders to guess at. To compute their condemnations would be impossible, for victim after victim perished at the stake, unnamed and unheard of. Morayshire became at this particular period the scene of a violent fit of the great moral frenzy, and some of the most remarkable examinations signalling the whole course of Scottish witchcraft took place in that county. The details, though occasionally ludicrous from their absurdity, are too horrible for narration in the present pages.

The popular frenzy seems to have exhausted itself by its own virulence in 1661-62, for an interval of six years subsequently elapsed without a single judicial trial for the crime of witchcraft, and one fellow was actually whipped for charging some person with it. After this period, the dying embers of the delusion only burst out on occasions, here and there, into a momentary flame. In 1675, several women were condemned, "on their own confession," says the Register; but we suspect this only means, in reality, that one malicious being made voluntary admissions involving others, as must often have been the case, we fear, in these proceedings. Scattered cases took place near the beginning of the eighteenth century, such as those at Paisley in 1697, at Pittenweem in 1704, and at Spott about the same time. It is curious, that, as something like direct evidence became necessary for condemnation, that evidence presented itself, and in the shape of possessed or enchanted young persons, who were brought into court to play off their tricks. The most striking case of this nature was that of Christian Shaw, a girl about eleven years old, and the daughter of Mr Shaw of Bargarran, in Renfrewshire. This wretched girl, who seems to have been an accomplished hypocrite, young as she was, quarrelled with a maid-servant, and, to be revenged, fell into convulsions, saw spirits, and, in short, feigned herself bewitched. To sustain her story, she accused one person after another, till not less than twenty were implicated, some of them children of the ages of twelve and fourteen! They were tried on the evidence of the girl, and five human beings perished through her malicious impostures. It is remarkable that this very girl afterwards founded the thread manufacture in Renfrewshire. From a friend who had been in Holland, she learnt some secrets in spinning, and, putting them skilfully in practice, she led the way to the extensive operations carried on in that department of late years. She became the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, and, it is to be hoped, had leisure and grace to repent of the wicked misapplication, in her youth, of those talents which she undoubtedly possessed.

The last judicial trial for witchcraft in Scotland was in the case of Elspeth Rule, who was convicted in 1708, and—banished. The last regular execution for the crime is said to have taken place at Dornoch in 1722, when an old woman was condemned by David Ross, sheriff of Caithness. But we fear the provincial records of the north, if inquired into, would show later deaths on this score. However, here may be held to end the tragical part of the annals of Scottish witchcraft. The number of its victims, for reasons previously stated, it would be difficult accurately to compute, but the black scroll would include, according to those who have most attentively inquired into the subject, upwards of FOUR THOUSAND persons! And by what a fate they perished! Cruelly tortured while living, and dismissed from life by a living death amid

the flames! And for what! For an impossible crime! And who were the victims, and who the executioners! The victims, in by far the majority of cases, were the aged, the weak, the deformed, the lame, and the blind; those to whom nature had been ungentle in her outward gifts, or whom years and infirmities had doomed to poverty and wretchedness; exactly that class of miserable beings, in short, for whom more enlightened times provide houses of refuge, and endow charitable institutions, aiming, in the spirit of true benevolence, to supply to them that attention and support which nature or circumstances have denied them the power of procuring for themselves. Often, too, was the victim a person distinguished by particular gifts and endowments; gifts bestowed by the Creator in kindness, but rendered fatal to the possessor by man. These were the victims of witchcraft. The executioners were the wisest and greatest of their time. Men distinguished above their fellows for knowledge and intelligence, ministers of religion and of the laws, kings, princes, and nobles—these and such as these judged of the crime, pronounced the doom, and sent the poor victims of delusion to the torture, the stake, and the scaffold.

VEGETABLE PHENOMENA.

THE following notice of a lecture on this interesting subject, delivered a short time ago by Mr Murray to the members of the Birmingham Athenæum, appears in a late Birmingham paper:—

After a brief recapitulation of his previous lecture, Mr Murray noticed some important advantages which had resulted to man from a close examination of the structure and physiology of the products of vegetation. Amongst other interesting facts, he stated that the peculiar form and shape of the trunk of the oak imparted to Smeaton the idea of his wonderful structure, the Eddystone Light-house. He also adverted to the structure of floating breakwaters, which were exact copies from nature, being constructed on the principle exhibited in the forms of the white water-lily. In noticing incidentally the great height and diameter which particular trees sometimes attained, Mr Murray adverted to the great sycamore, or mammoth tree, from Salt River, bordering on Kentucky and Indiana. The inner portion of this giant tree, which is supposed to be some thousand years old, had long since decayed, and there were large apertures in it which were used as doorways. Before cutting, it measured seventy-two feet in circumference near the base, and five or six years previously, when in a more perfect state, it measured considerably more. Amongst other extraordinary circumstances connected with the history of this tree, probably the largest ever grown on the American continent, it is stated that it frequently served as a shelter for parties of travellers with their teams, and that seventeen horses have been stabled in it at one time. Amongst examples of the opposite extreme exhibited in the productions of the vegetable kingdom, he noticed the cabbage palm of tropical climates, which sometimes reached an altitude of 200 feet, with a stem not exceeding four inches in circumference; while some pines had been found to attain a height of 400 feet. The lecturer next proceeded to describe that beautiful portion of the plant, the blossom, and the mechanism exhibited in the opening and shutting of flowers, in connection with the temperature and hygrometry of the atmosphere. Many flowers closed at the decline of day, and remained shut during night; while others changed their hues so rapidly, that the artist who attempted to make a copy from nature was obliged to wait the return of successive days, in order to depict a particular colour. The *hibiscus multiblis* unfolded its blossoms green in the morning; they afterwards changed to white; about noon they became red; and in the evening they changed to a rose tint or a crimson. All these changes had been found to be connected with the varying temperature of the atmosphere. The distribution of colour would, therefore, be found to possess its geography on the surface of the globe. White and blue flowers prevailed as we advanced to the polar regions; "cloth of gold" arrayed temperate climes; and a vermilion livery clothed "the land of the sun" between the tropics. Each colour, too, had its particular season. White and blue prevailed in spring, scarlet in summer, and the autumn had its "sere and yellow leaf." The lecturer here incidentally adverted to the theory of some botanists who contended that flowers were merely metamorphosed leaves, observing, that the doctrine of "morphology," as it was called, was totally irreconcilable with sound logic or common sense. The independence of flowers and leaves could not be controverted. The sloe was a milk-white sheet of blossom before the leaves appeared, and the almond tree blossomed before the foliage expanded. The hazel, too, displayed the pendant ensigns of its catkins while the leaves yet remained rolled up in the cerements of the buds. The truth was, that the offices and functions of leaves were altogether different. In glancing at the interesting phenomenon, the chronometry of vegetation, or the opening and shutting of plants at particular hours, Mr Murray mentioned the case of the *ornithogalum umbellatum*, which expanded its flowers in Paris at eleven o'clock. The same interesting and curious phenomenon was also witnessed in the economy of the seed-vessels and the seeds, the circumstances connected with the ventilation, maturation, and preservation of which embraced a world of wonders in itself. Some fruits, seed-vessels, or cases, were of immense growth and weight, as an instance of which the lecturer mentioned that he had seen a mammoth gourd, which weighed 180 lbs. Some seeds were found to be enveloped in silk, others in cotton and down—protection from moisture, and insulation in reference to variable temperatures, appearing to be the design connected with these remarkable provisions. The seeds of particular plants were also provided with wonderful apparatus for conveying them to the locality congenial to their germination and growth; and for this purpose some

were furnished with wings, which carried them through the air to a great distance. As an example of this description of seeds, it would be sufficient to mention those of the mahogany and *bignonia grandiflora*. Some seeds also possessed elastic balls, or balloons, to aid their transport through the air, and ensure their proper contact with the earth; the bladder nut was provided with two cells, one of which was inflated with air, while the other contained the seed, and by its weight descended on that side towards the earth. There were other plants which actually planted their own seeds, the tips of the branches to which the seed pods were attached gradually bending towards the earth, and forcing the seeds into the ground. The falling seeds of the "cannon-ball tree," which flourished in tropical climates, as they rebounded from the earth, sounded through the forest like the running fire of musketry; and the balls, which were perfectly spherical, presented the appearance as if military had bivouacked around the spot. In the seed-vessels of the *hermandia sonora*, there was a circular orifice below, and the seeds were disposed at intervals within, so that as the breeze whistled through spaces between the seeds, the tree became vocal, and was known to the negroes of the West India islands by the familiar name of "Jack in the Box." A friend of his had informed him that there was a valley in Barbadoes called, from the number of these trees which it contained, "The valley of Jack in the Box," and that he had often sat at its entrance listening with delight to these natural Æolian harps, strung among the branches, as the zephyrs fluttered in the woods or swept between the hills.

VIEW OF A CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

THE extent to which classical education, as it is called, has long been carried in this country, to the almost entire exclusion of instruction of every other kind, has been more than once commented on in this periodical, and the injurious consequences of the practice pointed out. While admitting the standard writings of Greece and Rome to be fair adjuncts to an elegant education, or, in other words, to constitute an agreeable branch of the belles lettres, the custom of imbuing the mind of youth with that species of knowledge alone, and neglecting all those departments of it calculated to be of use in after-life, was reprobated as alike absurd and deleterious. If, in common with many able contemporaries, we held this opinion formerly, we must say, that something has recently fallen under our eye, which confirms it, and indeed doubles its strength. Lighting on a past number of the Quarterly Journal of Education, we there found a sketch of the daily and sessional business of one of the most ancient and distinguished schools of England. It was originally founded by a man of large property, whose purpose was to make it a free school, for the benefit of the youth of the parish in which it is situated; but the very liberality of the founder had the effect, in the course of time, of rendering the school a fashionable one, and unfitting it as a place of instruction for any but the children of the richer orders. Masters of the very highest eminence for scholarship were secured by the amplitude of the funds, and the consequence was the progressive influx of the children of the nobility and people of rank, whose attendance at the seminary was in a great measure incompatible with that of the poorer orders. The school, in short, is now almost exclusively one for the youth of the nobility and gentry of England.

And what is here taught to the youth of the English nobility and gentry—those to whom the country is to look for its legislators, rulers, peers, and prelates—those in whose hands is hereditarily vested the bulk of the soil of England, and who consequently have under their control the fortunes and comforts of a vast portion of their fellow-countrymen—what is taught, at the school in question, to this most important class? Do we find them imbued with a knowledge of the past history of their own country, and enlightened as to the modes of government which have injured or benefited it? Do we find them anxiously instructed in all that relates to its commerce, on which its welfare so largely depends? Do we find their attention called to those wonders of science, practical and speculative, which have raised it to the first place among the nations, and the farther development of which must exert so great an effect on its future interests? Do we find them, in short, trained in such a way as becomes those who are to be the first men in a great country, to be its legislators and guides in an age of knowledge and improvement, and to serve as the skilful guardians of its many interests?

For centuries, the course of education at this school has been, and at this day is, something very different indeed from the training to which these interrogatories point. By quoting the daily business of the forms or classes, we shall enable our readers to judge for themselves. Here is the weekly or six days' business of the sixth form, the highest or most advanced in the school. "MONDAY.—Repetition of Friday's *Horace*, Satires or Epistles, 50 lines; *Latin lyrics* or *Greek verses* of Thursday looked over—hour for this half-past 7 A.M. *Horace's odes*, 60 or 70 lines—hour 11 to 12. *Homer's Iliad*, 50 lines; rest of hour, *Euclid*—hour 3 to 4. *Roman history*, one page—hour 5 to 6. TUESDAY is a whole holiday as respects the school; but exercises and private reading with the assistant masters (all upon the same subjects) go on during the day. WEDNESDAY.—Repetition of Friday's *Greek play*, 30 lines; *verses* of Friday looked over—hour half-past 7. *Virgil's Æneid*, 50 lines—hour 11 to 12. *Euclid*, *Vulgar Fractions*, *Decimals*, or *Logic*

—hour 3 to 4. *Musa Græca* (Greek verse), 40 or 50 lines, according to author chosen; examination in a portion of *Greek history* which the boys have prepared —hour 5 to 6. **THURSDAY.**—Repetition of Monday's *Horace*, odes, 60 or 70 lines. Theme of Monday looked over—hour half past 7. *Thucydides*—hour 11 to 12. *Modern history*—hour half-past 12 to 1. **FRIDAY.**—Repetition of Wednesday's *Virgil*, 50 lines. *English essay* looked over—hour half-past 7. *Demosthenes*, alternating with *Philosophia Græca*—hour 11 to 12. *Greek play*, 50 lines—hour 3 to 4. *Horace*, Epistles or Satires. Examination in *Greek history*, as on Wednesday—hour 5 to 6. **SATURDAY.**—Part of a Gospel or Acts of Apostles. *Beausobre* on New Testament. General Scripture History—hour half-past 7. *Thucydides*, alternating with *Roman history*—hour 11 to 12.

This is the routine business of the school. Exercises are also set each day, and they are thus described in the work before us. "MONDAY.—*Latin Theme* or *Greek Prose exercise*. **TUESDAY.**—**WEDNESDAY.**—Translation from *Greek* or *Latin* prose into English, alternating with an *English Essay*. **THURSDAY.**—*Latin Lyrics*, alternating with *Greek verse*. **FRIDAY.**—*Latin verses*, hexameter, or hexameter and pentameter. **SATURDAY.**—"

Thus, in the instructions given to the highest class in one of the most famous schools of Britain, we find but one half hour (Thursday) given to modern history! "One halfpenny worth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack!" With the exception of a sprinkling of mathematics, all the rest is Latin and Greek, Greek and Latin, over and over again, without pause or change; for this one week, it must be remembered, is a fair specimen of the whole session. The religious reading included in the list has little other object than to teach the Latin and Greek scriptures. If an enlightened being from another sphere, with a mind totally unaffected by our historical partialities, were to step in amongst us, and examine the education given to the highest youth in the first country of the world, at an age the most improved in its annals, what would be his first feeling on observing the perpetual occupation of the pupils with Greek and Latin? Most certainly he would exclaim, "Ah! these languages must be very important in after-life, since so much time is expended in acquiring them. The power to talk them must be the great mean to honour and success in the world. There must be some great nations, with whom you have commercial intercourse, that speak these tongues?" "No," would be the reply; "the languages are disused at the present day; they are spoken by no people on the earth." "Indeed! then these tongues must contain immense stores of useful knowledge, accessible only by learning them." "No; all the knowledge they contain is of little or no value at this day, and, at all events, may be readily got at by translations. Besides, it is the poetry of these languages that is almost exclusively attended to at schools." "Poetry! all this time spent upon poetry! It at least must be of a very high order—must be full of fine morality, and inspire into the young mind such pure religious sentiments as will permanently improve the character, and so benefit society at large." "No; the poetry alluded to is filled with idolatrous absurdities, and stories of a most licentious character." &c.

This sort of questioning might go on to a great length, and we believe that the questioner would be foiled in every attempt to hit on any thing like a rational motive for the system of instruction pursued in our most approved seminaries for youth. We shall not, however, pursue the matter farther, but, in order to satisfy the reader that the specimen given of the routine business of the school in question is a fair one, we shall exhibit another form's weekly proceedings. "MONDAY.—Repetition of Greek and Latin Verse. *Horace's Odes*. *Homer's Iliad*. *Roman History*. **TUESDAY.**—**WEDNESDAY.**—Repetition. —Verses looked over. *Virgil's Æneid*. *Greek Verse*. *Cornelius Nepos*. **THURSDAY.**—Repetition. Theme looked over. *Xenophon's Anabasis*. **FRIDAY.**—Repetition and Translation looked over. *Geography*. *Geography* or *Retranslation* of *Anabasis* into Greek. *Horace*, Epistles or Satires. **SATURDAY.**—Repetition and *Lyrics* looked over. *Greek Testament*." The exercises for the same period are stated to be, "Latin Theme for Monday; English Translation from Latin for Wednesday; Latin Lyrics for Thursday; and Latin Verses, hexameters or elegiacs, for Friday."

Here again we find a little *Geography* on Friday to be really the only rational portion of instruction given to the pupils. Surely, this time-honoured folly must soon come to a close. Mankind have been so long blinded by habit, that they seem to have forgotten entirely for what end children are really sent to school, otherwise they never could suffer the instruction given to them to consist almost exclusively of things having no conceivable relation to the business of after-life, and conducing in not the slightest degree to their worldly success or happiness. In reality, however, light is now breaking in upon the subject, and we may ere long hope to see education assume universally a more rational character. The classical writings will take their due place as a branch, merely, of elegant education, and knowledge, truly practical and useful, be established in the position which they have so long been allowed to occupy.

As the account from which we have made the preceding extracts refers to the year 1831, the educational system of the school alluded to may have participated

in the changes which have been spreading of late years among the seminaries of the country. We believe, that, to a certain extent, this has really been the case; but there are yet numberless other schools in Britain which pursue the old plan in all its pristine defectiveness.

PARKS—FIELDS.

It is common to call a certain space of enclosed ground a park, but, properly speaking, this is wrong. An enclosure of ordinary dimensions, and possessing no royal privileges, is only a field. The words park and field are therefore as different in signification as village and city. The best explanation we can give of the true or legal meaning of the word park, is embraced in the following extract from Mr Wade's "Cabinet Lawyer." (Johnson, London, 1840.)

"Beside the absolute property, which the owner of the land possesses in right of the soil, a person may also have a qualified property in wild animals by grant of privilege; that is, he may have the privilege of taking or killing them in exclusion of other persons, in virtue of a franchise to have a forest, chase, warren, or park."

A forest is a royal domain for the preservation of the queen's beasts and fowls of forest, and is subject to its own laws, courts, and officers. Before the *Charta de Foresta*, the sovereign could make a forest of any extent over the lands of his subjects. It is the highest franchise relating to game; a free chase is the next in degree; a park the next; and the last a free warren. The number of forests is sixty-nine, of which the four principal are, New Forest on the Lea, Sherwood Forest on the Trent, Dean Forest on the Severn, and Windsor Forest on the Thames.

A chase is of a middle nature, between a forest and a park; it differs from the former in that it may be held by a subject, and is governed by the common, not the forest law; and from the latter, in that it is not enclosed. A man may have a chase over another's ground, with privilege to keep royal game therein, protected even from the owner of the land. It is said there are thirteen chases in England.

A park is an enclosed chase, extending only over a man's own land, privileged for wild beasts. There are only seven hundred and eighty parks; for it is not every field or common which a gentleman pleases to surround with a wall or paling, and to stock with a herd of deer, that is thereby made a legal park. To constitute it, three things are requisite. 1. A royal grant thereof. 2. Enclosure by pale, wall, or hedge. 3. Beasts of a park, such as the buck, doe, &c. And when all the deer are destroyed, it can no more be accounted a park: for a park consists of *vert*, *venison*, and *enclosure*; and if it is determined in any of them, it is a total disparaging.

Free warren is a place privileged, by prescription or grant from the queen, for the keeping of beasts and fowls of the warren, which are hares and coney, partridges, pheasants, and some add quails, woodcocks, and waterfowl. Twenty years undisturbed exercise of a claim of a warren or park, will afford presumptive evidence of right in the party so enjoying it. The owner of a warren may lawfully kill any dog which is used to hurt the warren.

The rights of any forest, chase, or warren, are not affected by the game act. All the franchises of the description mentioned above, having their origin in the crown, may be destroyed by a reversion to the crown, or by surrender, or forfeiture, in consequence of a breach of the trust upon which they were granted."

SPEAKING AND WRITING.

It frequently happens that what is a fault in a speaker, is a merit in a writer. If a speaker hesitates, and stops, and changes his constructions, and in the middle of a sentence breaks off to begin it again, because he sees a more forcible or happy mode of expression; or if he finds that the whole sentence is unnecessary, and that the meaning and force may be given better by a single word introduced in the former period, and therefore returns and repeats what he has just said, in order to interweave the additional word, he is condemned at once as a bad and repulsive speaker. In a writer, on the other hand, these qualities are equally valuable and rare. The celebrated German historian of Rome, Niebuhr, seldom attempted to speak extempore in public without breaking down in every other clause, and hesitating and repeating, as has been described. He rarely finished a sentence as he began it; he had no sooner uttered a clause, than he saw some better way of wording it, and this perplexed both himself and his hearers. The students would frequently laugh at him, and mock him for this peculiarity. Still he was eloquent: he excelled in the eloquence of particular words, of happy expressions, which were full of meaning. His style had all the pregnancy of Tacitus without his affectation. Although he restored antiquated words and forms of speech, he used them in their ordinary sense. His very words are *sententious*. It is said that he seldom sent a sentence to the press, which he had not altered three or four times.

BEING TAKEN UNAWARES.

A beggar who had tried many ways for increasing his finances, at last hit on the plan of pretending to be dumb. A gentleman who was passing by knew the beggar by sight, and going up to him, asked him promptly, "Pray, how long have you been dumb?" The beggar was taken unawares, and had no time to decide on not speaking, and answered quickly, "From my earliest youth." So, sudden or startling events seem to give the mind, as it were, a good shaking, and the truth comes out in spite of ourselves. We often say on the sudden a thing which, though perfectly true, nay, because of its truth perhaps, we should keep back, if we were at ease and not taken by surprise.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

The signs of progression and of stationary habits are nowhere more strikingly conspicuous than at Quebec and Montreal; and nowhere, perhaps, are domestic contrasts of almost every kind exhibited in more varied shapes. Side by side are seen the modern commercial store and the ancient secluded convent. Here appears the harbour, enlivened by an array of British shipping; there, the lingering remnants of primitive inactive life. Jostling each other on the narrow causeway, or grouped in the wider square or market-place, are the red-coated soldier of England, and the cowed priest of France; the antiquated *habitant* of the country in his homespun suit of grey, and the spruce denizen of the town attired in the latest European fashion; the swarthy aborigine of the soil enveloped in his blanket, with his squaw carrying her papoose at her back (the little creature not always exhibiting in lineament a purity of race), and the British artisan or labourer in his peculiar garb; while, to crown the whole, the alternate sound of two conflicting languages breaking on your ear at every step you take, leaves you momentarily undecided as to whether you be not in some provincial town of France or England; the first impression, moreover, being strengthened by the general appearance of the streets and houses, and the last by the British designation of many of the thoroughfares, and the preponderance of British names along their line of frontage.—*Preston's Three Years in Canada*.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Great as may be the inconveniences attending early marriages, they are not to be compared to those attending long engagements. The position of both parties is, in a manner, the reverse of that which they will respectively occupy in after-life. The lady commands, the gentleman obeys; and when this state of things has lasted for any length of time, it is no easy matter to restore them again to their natural state; for although no woman of sense, who respects her husband and herself, will ever wish to dominate, and no man of spirit would submit to it, yet the precise limits to which authority may fairly be extended on the one hand, and obedience expected on the other, are so ill-defined, that it requires very often great tact and management to adjust the balance; and this difficulty is naturally increased, when the parties have been for a long time playing directly contrary parts. Lovers, too, are naturally living in a state of complete deception and hypocrisy, in most cases probably quite unintentionally; but where there exists a strong desire to please, there must also necessarily exist a strong anxiety to keep one's faults in the background, and exhibit only the most pleasing part of one's character. Half the unhappiness that exists in married life is, I believe, to be attributed to the discoveries that are constantly making of the great difference of dispositions before and after marriage. Then come accusations of deception—very unfairly, for, as I before said, the fraud was an involuntary one, and inherent in human nature; accusations are followed by recriminations, and all the misery and bitterness of married strife, merely because the lovers expected to marry angels, and find out that they are united to human beings like themselves.—*Arundel*, by Sir Francis Vincent.

ROBBERY BY A BIRD.

A respectable sheep-farmer near Fort Augustus, has sent to us a communication, of which the following is the substance. After a walk over his farm, at the beginning of this year's lambing season, and on a very warm morning, he had fallen asleep on a high hill. On awakening, he found that his broad blue bonnet, and a yellow silk handkerchief which he had placed beside him, were both missing. At first he suspected that they had been taken away in sport by some person on the farm; but, on inquiry, every individual on the farm and neighbourhood, who could possibly have approached the spot, denied all knowledge of the missing articles. Some weeks thereafter, our correspondent and a party ascended a very steep and dangerous rock on the farm, to destroy the nest of a glade. Great was his amazement when the first article taken out of the nest was the missing yellow silk handkerchief; then the broad blue bonnet, with three eggs most comfortably ensconced in it; next appeared an old tartan waistcoat, with tobacco in one pocket, and Orr's Almanac for 1839 in the other (the almanac having the words, barely legible, "J. Fraser" written upon it); then came a flannel nightcap, marked with red worsted, "D. C. J."; a pair of old white mittens; a piece of a letter with green wax, and the Inverness post-mark; an old red and white cravat; and a miscellaneous assortment of remnants of cotton, paper, rope, &c. This bird must have been carrying on its larcenies on a large and miscellaneous scale. The affair rivals the maid and magpie of dramatic celebrity, and may be taken by some Sir Malachi Malagrowther as a link in the chain of evidence to prove the increase of crime in the Highlands, "consequent on the passing of the Reform Act." We may guard against depredators on foot; but how are we to protect ourselves against those on wing? We commit this delinquent and his species to the vigilant surveillance of the proposed new police constabulary force.—*Inverness Courier*.

A SOUND ADVICE.

It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue, and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world, should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strives to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreat in security.—*Life of Cowley*.